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PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH,  
EDITOR.

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19.

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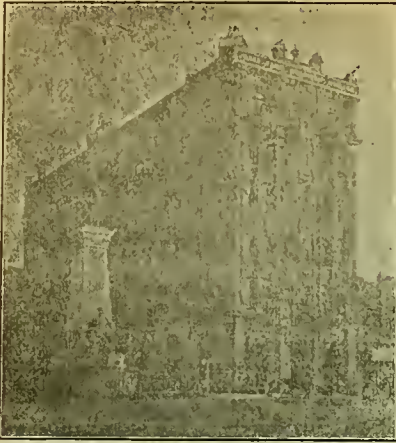
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# Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN OF THE  
DESERET SUNDAY  
SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XXXVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1903.

No. 19.

## SCENES ALONG THE COLUMBIA.

**T**HE scenery along the Columbia River after leaving Hood River possesses a grandeur that has brought it into critical comparison with such scenery as that found along the Hudson and the Rhine. One traveling to the north-west, may advantageously, on the way to Portland, leave the cars at Hood River and board one of the small steamers going down to Portland. From the deck of a steamer, a complete view may be had of both

banks of the river, with their hillside and mountain adornments.

Of course, the Columbia does not possess any of those historic associations that belong either to the Rhine or to the Hudson. "But, apart from history, does its real landscape beauty belong to that class of scenic grandeur found along the other two rivers?" This and similar questions tourists are constantly asking one another as they point out some striking beauty of the scenery along the Columbia.

It cannot be compared with the



THE COLUMBIA RIVER, FORTY MILES EAST OF PORTLAND.

Rhine because it does not possess the living aspect of the Medieval Ages and modern culture. The little villages that nestle in the ravines of the rivers emptying into the Rhine, the charming vineyards that cover its slopes, the dense foliage and the rolling hills are not so conspicuous in the scenery along the Columbia. The Columbia presents an appearance of incompleteness. Here

world, but the beauty of one section is diminished by the inharmonious blending of another.

He who has stood at the Niederwald monument, on the east banks of the Rhine, and looked down upon the ancient city of Bingen, has before him a scenic beauty that has no counterpart or equal at any point along the Columbia. Again it is wanting in the rich



OVERLOOKING THE COLUMBIA—MOUNT ADAMS IN THE DISTANCE.

and there the mountains are bald and the scanty pines and other verdure destroy the uniform beauty of the landscape. As a whole, the scenery along the Columbia too is impaired in its beauty because it consists neither of the beautiful rolling hills of the Hudson nor the magnificent mountains of the Fraser. Then too, it is impaired by its irregularity. Here and there the scenic effect is perhaps not surpassed in any part of the

verdure that so completely and thickly covers the rolling hills of the Hudson and dips itself into the waters of that river.

The villages and resorts along the Columbia mar rather than intensify the beautiful effects of its landscape. Fishing boats with their ugly wheels and the canning factories along its banks give a commercial aspect that detracts from the ideal grandeur of nature. The

Lower Columbia, however, is really the tourist justly delights, and merits a beautiful and offers attractions in which boat ride on its beautiful waters.



### MARIA'S SURRENDER.

**T**HE noon bell had been rung half an hour before, and nothing from within the school room, save the shuffling of feet and the droning, indistinct tones of the teacher as he gave out the spelling lesson, could be heard from the entry way where two little girls stood whispering excitedly.

"No, sir," one was saying, "she can't git on the good side o' me, if she gives me all the sugar plums she's got. You bet she can't. Humph!" she continued, indignantly, "as if I wuz a baby, fur that's what the rest of you are. Gee whiz! I'd have more spunk. The idea of lettin' a stranger, and a stuck-up piece like she is, come to our school and boss everybody 'round, and pettin' her up like you all do. No, sir," emphatically, "she don't need to think I'm made of that kind o' stuff. She puts on too many airs for me."

"She don't boss me, either," the one said, sucking and rolling a large piece of candy from one cheek to the other. "And, Maria, you can't guess what she said about you the other day, when you wouldn't speak to her," lowering her voice and gesticulating with one sticky forefinger, "she said you wasn't a very polite girl, and that you didn't talk at all proper. You know she's been trying to teach us girls how. But I think it was a perfect insult to you, and I wouldn't have anything to do with her."

"No, you wouldn't," said Maria contemptuously, forgetting to whisper.

"What do you eat her old sticky plums for, then? I wouldn't say a word if I wuz you, Alice Johnson. You tag her 'round like some little puppy dog. No—oo, she don't boss you. But you can just tell her that I could talk as good as her any day if I wanted to; and tell her that I only treat people I like polite." And Maria stood up very straight, and folded her arms behind her back.

"Well, Maria Mills, I don't blame Annabel West for saying you wuz—"

But Alice was interrupted here, for the teacher's footsteps were heard coming rapidly towards the door, and she scampered out of the entry and around the corner of the house, leaving Maria alone to face the situation.

The teacher opened the door, looked around inquiringly, then said sternly to her, "Come in here." But this did not humble Maria in the least. It was as nothing compared with the insult she thought she had received from Annabel West, and she walked very haughtily indeed into the school room, for such a small person, with her freckled little nose tilted high in the air; and passed her enemy's desk with a proud little switch of her blue gingham apron.

She evidently expected to hear some other reproof from the teacher, but as he said nothing further, she settled herself obediently behind her geography, looking neither to the right nor left.

Maria Mills, blunt and uncivil as she was, was full of fun and mischief, and had been a general favorite among her



schoolmates; in short, she was almost another "Pussy Willows," until that "stuck up piece" had come, with her fine kid gaiters, silk stockings, plush bonnets, and best of all, her sweetmeats—for she always had a sack of them stowed away somewhere, which she divided liberally among the other joyed and eager school children.

Her father had lately come into the village and made a purchase of the old Duland house, the grandest place for miles around, and there they were living in elegant style.

Almost every evening Maria stood at her window across the way, with a feeling of envy she could not suppress tugging at her heart, and watched them go out in their fine carriage to drive,

"Humph!" she said one night to her little crippled brother after she had watched them ride away. "All my friends go back on me just 'cause I ain't got no candy to feed 'em; for I know that's all they tag her 'round so for. But I don't care," she said, whisking from off the window sill, with her sleeve, two large salty drops that had blinded her eyes for a moment, then fallen, "as long as you like me, Bobbie," and she gave him a big hug.

She tried to assure herself a dozen times a day that she did not care, but she failed to do so, for she did care, and it was almost breaking her poor little heart.

"Pshaw, Maria," one of the girls had said to her, "don't be so silly, she's a real nice girl, and I know you'd like her when you come to know her. Please come and be sociable."

But to all their entreaties Maria turned a deaf ear. She treated her schoolmates very coolly, until finally they said she was too cross and left her entirely alone. And so at recess she remained in the house and thought she

was studying, while every minute her thoughts were centered in the playground, from whence she could hear the laughing and shouting of the children, and knew they were having a game of her beloved "rounders."

All that afternoon the girls sitting near Annabel were slyly munching candy behind their books, whispering and throwing notes across the aisles. And once, when the master had his back to the school and was writing on the black board, Annabel slyly reached around the side of Maria's desk and held a sack of delicious looking candy toward her and whispered sweetly, "Will you have some?"

Maria's mouth watered, but she turned and looked her rival straight in the face and said stoutly, "No, I don't want none."

"Please take some," Annabel urged. But Maria shook her head and said "No" so sharp and decidedly that Annabel drew the sack back feeling piqued and hurt at Maria's uncivil replies.

"I wouldn't offer the cross old thing any," said Alice Johnson, who had tiptoed back into the school room, and unseen by the teacher was sitting with Annabel. Then she continued spitefully, "She said your candy was old sticky stuff anyway."

Everything seemed to go wrong with Maria that afternoon. Her head ached, she made a miserable blunder in the reading of her geography lesson, and after studying her history over and over, she knew no more about it than when she began. So the teacher lost all patience with her and said that he would hear her recite again after school was dismissed.

This was worst of all, and a great lump arose in Maria's throat, for she knew that Bobbie would come to their old meeting place at the end of the lane

and be so disappointed when she did not come.

Annabel cast a pitying glance at Maria, whose face flushed the instant she saw it with indignation, and with a jerk of her head she sat up as straight as ever.

An hour later, as the teacher and Maria left the building together, he said to her, "Maria, I am surprised at the way you have acted the last week or so. You used to be one of my best students. Now, why is it you have neglected your lessons so lately?"

Maria's chin quivered and that horrid lump arose in her throat again so that she could not answer him. Then, seeing her emotion, he asked her in a kinder tone, "Are you ill?" She shook her head.

"Well, you must try and do better, Maria," he continued. "You know our school closes in about two months, and on the last day I am going to give prizes. One is ten dollars for the best story handed in by that time. I'll tell you more about it some other day. And now, Maria, your compositions in school have always been very good, so I want you to try very hard and win this prize.

Maria's face brightened in a moment, and her little black eyes shone with a light the teacher did not understand. But we do, and we can forgive her the wicked little thought. Can we not? For she was only a jealous little child, after all.

"Now I can show Annabel West," she exclaimed to herself, joyfully, as she ran towards her home. "I'll get that prize if I have to write every day and night." And then, as if the prize were already hers, she sang softly to herself until she reached the end of the lane leading to their home. She looked around in hopes of finding Bobbie still there, but he had

become tired of waiting and was now almost home.

As Maria was walking along she saw him come out of a clump of trees ahead of her and go limping slowly along on his poor little crutches towards home.

Her face took upon it a sweet, tender expression of love and pity; for above all earthly beings or things, Maria held her little brother Bobbie most dear.

After she had watched him a few moments she called his name, telling him to wait, and as he turned about and stood in the middle of the street, it somehow struck her how small and helpless he looked as he stood with his pale, thin face upturned to the sunshine, and his slight form supported by the heavy wooden crutches.

Almost at the same instant Maria saw a large black horse dash out of a yard near by and come tearing down the road straight toward Bobbie. Her heart almost stopped beating, and her little freckled face went as pale as death as she saw the great peril her little brother was in. But her feet refused to move and her white lips to cry out and warn him.

Suddenly she heard a piercing scream. Someone was telling him to move! But poor little Bobbie was so frightened that he dropped both his crutches and stood helpless and immovable, and at the mercy of the terrible on-coming animal. Then the powerless Maria saw a flying figure dart out from among the trees and draw him away from within a hair's breadth of the wicked-looking, upraised hoofs. Then the spell that she seemed to be under fell away, and with tottering steps and a cry of joy and thankfulness she ran as fast as her feet would carry her to where her little brother was sitting by the roadside, almost stupefied with fright. His sister was so happy to see him safe and unhurt that

a thought of his preserver had not entered her mind until, as she rushed forward to take him in her arms, she saw someone was bending over him and trying to pin together a large rent in his calico shirt that had been torn in the skirmish. What was Maria's surprise when she spoke to Bobbie with a half-hysterical sob to meet a face almost as pale as her own—the face of Annabel West!

By this time a number of people had come out of their houses to see what had happened, and among the first was Maria's mother, who, when the little cripple, now having somewhat recovered from his fright, had told her how it came about, took Annabel in her arms and with tears in her eyes kissed the little heroine affectionately.

Maria saw it all, and there was a terrible conflict in her mind. "Surely," the good within her whispered, "Annabel is a brave, true girl, for she saved your brother's life." Then something else said, "Pshaw! it was no more than she ought to have done for anybody. You would have done as much under the like circumstances. Don't give in yet; have more spunk; don't give in yet." The bad predominated, so Maria turned away without so much as a word of thanks or a kind look in Annabel's direction, and went towards the house.

One bright morning a few days after this, when Maria had parted from little Bobbie, and was on her way to school with her books under her arm, face and apron alike, shining fresh from the wash, and sunbonnet so stiff that it rattled in time to every brisk step she took, she heard someone calling her, and on turning around saw Annabel West trying to catch up with her. "Maria! Maria!" she called, "wait a minute."

Maria gave one of her pigtails a little tweak, a peculiar habit she had when

vexed or troubled, and stood waiting impatiently.

"Oh!" Annabel continued, out of breath, "I've been running so hard after you, for I like company when I walk."

Maria looked down at her shining dinner pail without saying a word, and the two started on in silence. Finally, Annabel said, "I suppose you have heard all about the prize contest for the thirty-first of May, haven't you?" Maria nodded.

"Well," continued Annabel, "I can hardly sleep nights for thinking about it. I'm going to try very hard to win the prize. It isn't the money I want, but papa has promised, if I get the prize, to buy me a little gold watch, with pearls all set in, you know. Won't that be splendid?" Maria nodded again very stiffly.

Then in a moment she turned and with a queer look in her black eyes, said bluntly. "I'm tryin', too."

But by those few words, and the determined look accompanying them, Annabel felt that the little watch was lost to her, and the smiling look faded from her countenance as she said faintly, "Oh, are you?"

The disappointment so plainly written upon Annabel's face was unseen by Maria, who had pursed her lips together and was saying to herself with an emphatic shake of her bonnet, "Pooh! a gold watch; Don't see why she'd be so tickled over a thing like that, when she has so many pretty things. Tain't fair anyway for her to have everything when I ain't got nothin'—except Bobbie," very tenderly. "And she ain't a mite better'n me, if I do say it myself, not a mite. And if this chicken can help it, she shan't get that watch nor the prize neither, you bet. Besides, if I get the ten dollars, I could buy Bobbie the box of tools he's wanted so long. Wouldn't he be tickled?" Then after a moment,



"No, I won't think of that. Pooh! that was nothin'!" for the little scene by the roadside had arisen before Maria's imagination. But the thought was chased away immediately. "Any-

way," the stubborn little maiden continued, "she shan't have that prize. No—sir-ree."

*Jennie Roberts.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## INDIAN BELIEFS AND TRADITIONS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 559.)

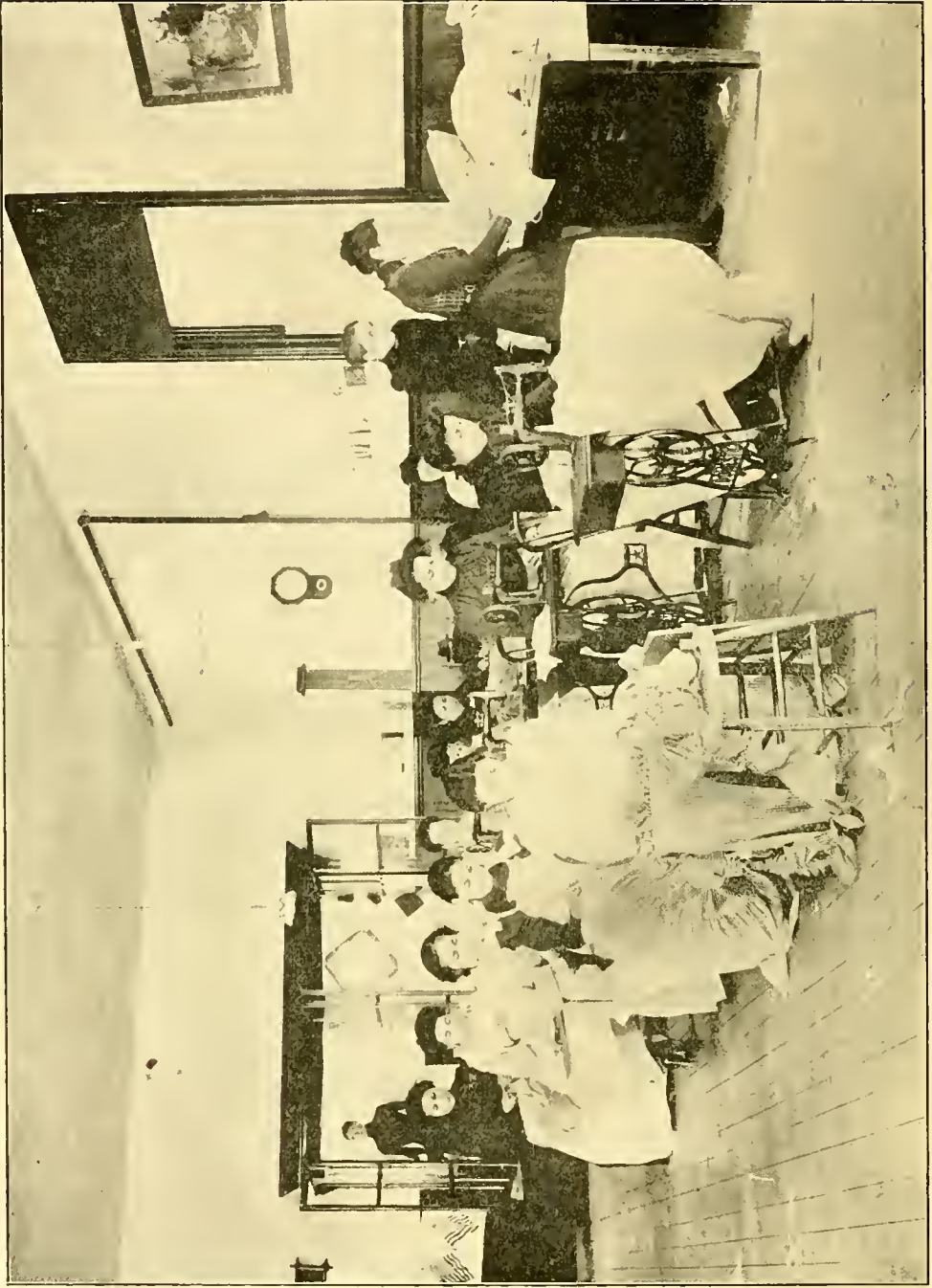
**P**ONTIAC formulated the policy of a confederacy of all the Indian tribes, and as principal chief of the lake tribes, he summoned them to the great council near Detroit. "As high priest and keeper of the faith, he there announced to them the will of the Master of life, as revealed to the Delaware prophet, and called upon them in eloquent and burning words, to unite for the recovery of their ancient territories and the preservation of their national life."—Parkman.

The history of this war is familiar to all students of history. The idea was taken up and almost accomplished by the great Tecumseh, who was impelled to action by the preaching of the Shawano prophet whose history has been elaborately written by Drake. His doctrine was not unlike that of the Delaware prophet—his followers were required to cease fighting, lying, and stealing; to be kind to each other and to their children. Their women were not to intermarry with the white men. They were permitted to keep but one dog in each family, and were told that if they were obedient to the instructions of the prophet, the incarnate Manabozho promised that at the end of four years,

(i. e. in 1811) "he would bring on two days of darkness, during which time he would travel invisibly throughout the land and cause the animals to come forth out of the earth, and that their dead friends would be restored to them."—Kendall.

The catastrophe that was to precede the new era varied according to the belief of the priests of the different tribes. The lake tribes generally looked forward to a period of darkness. The Creeks and Cherokees anticipated a terrible hailstorm which would destroy alike both the whites and unbelievers of the red race. The elect would escape destruction by fleeing to the high mountain tops. No hostility toward the white race formed a part of their doctrine, though in one way they discriminated against the Americans. Their prophet stated that the Great Father was the common parent of the Indians, English, French and Spaniards, but that the Americans were the children of an evil spirit and sprang from the scum of the great water when it was troubled by an evil spirit and the froth was driven by an east wind into the woods.

According to Catlin, a plan was developed of forming a confederacy in order to



CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL—DRESSMAKING SECTION.

drive back the whites, and thousands of warriors pledged themselves to fight under the leadership of Tecumseh if war became necessary, but the death of Tecumseh at the battle of Tippecanoe put an end to all his brother's splendid dreams. However, the Shawano prophet did not in the beginning teach war. War was most reluctantly and, as he felt, righteously engaged in by the great and good Tecumseh, to preserve the inherited rights of his people, which were being constantly encroached upon by the whites. The Indians fought for the sacred privilege of living their own lives and worshiping the Great Spirit according to the dim light that had drifted down to them through the accumulated dross of the ages.

Like many more enlightened, though not more inspired, their hopes and expectations were modified and intensified by the extremity of their needs, still in the main the same impelling ideas are traceable from the first dawn of tradition down to Smohalla, and Wovoka, the Messiah of the Ghost Dance.

The ideas and customs the Indians appropriated from the whites were not always less savage than their own—for instance, an old woman was burned as a witch by order of the Shawano prophet. And later what began "as a simple religious revival became a political agitation, equally patriotic from the Indian standpoint, and under the circumstances one the natural complement of the other."

With the death of Tecumseh the confederacy of the northwestern tribes was broken up, and after the close of the war of 1812 the government began a series of treaties, which within twenty years resulted in the removal of nearly every tribe beyond the Mississippi, and the appropriation of their lands by the whites.

The failure on the part of the government to meet the promises contained in the treaties caused distrust on the part of the Indians, which at times resulted in uprisings and bloodshed. Sometimes the Indians merely protested against being disturbed and stubbornly held their ground as long as possible. A notable instance was the difficulty found in getting the Kickapoos to leave their villages, cornfields and the graves of their dead on the prairies of Illinois and move to the less fertile hills of Missouri, already occupied by their enemies, the Osages, who three times outnumbered them. But the main reason of their holding their ground was the encouragement they received from their new prophet named Kanakuk. Mr. Graham, the agent, said: "This man has acquired an influence over his people through supposed revelations from God, which he urges on them with an eloquence, mildness and firmness of manner that carries conviction to their credulous ears." Kanakuk taught the same doctrine as that of the Delaware prophet: he forbade the use of medicine bags and medicine songs, taught his people not to injure or take away the property of the white people, and said if any white man struck him he would bow his head and not complain, he would stop any attempt to take revenge. His people neither drank nor painted, were serious, though not gloomy.

Another Indian reformer worthy of note is John Slocum, the founder of a sect called Shakers, located near Puget Sound. John Slocum claimed to have died and been restored to life again. He said God gave him the choice between going to hell or coming back to earth and repenting of his own sins and teaching his tribe what they must do to be saved; naturally he chose the latter alternative.

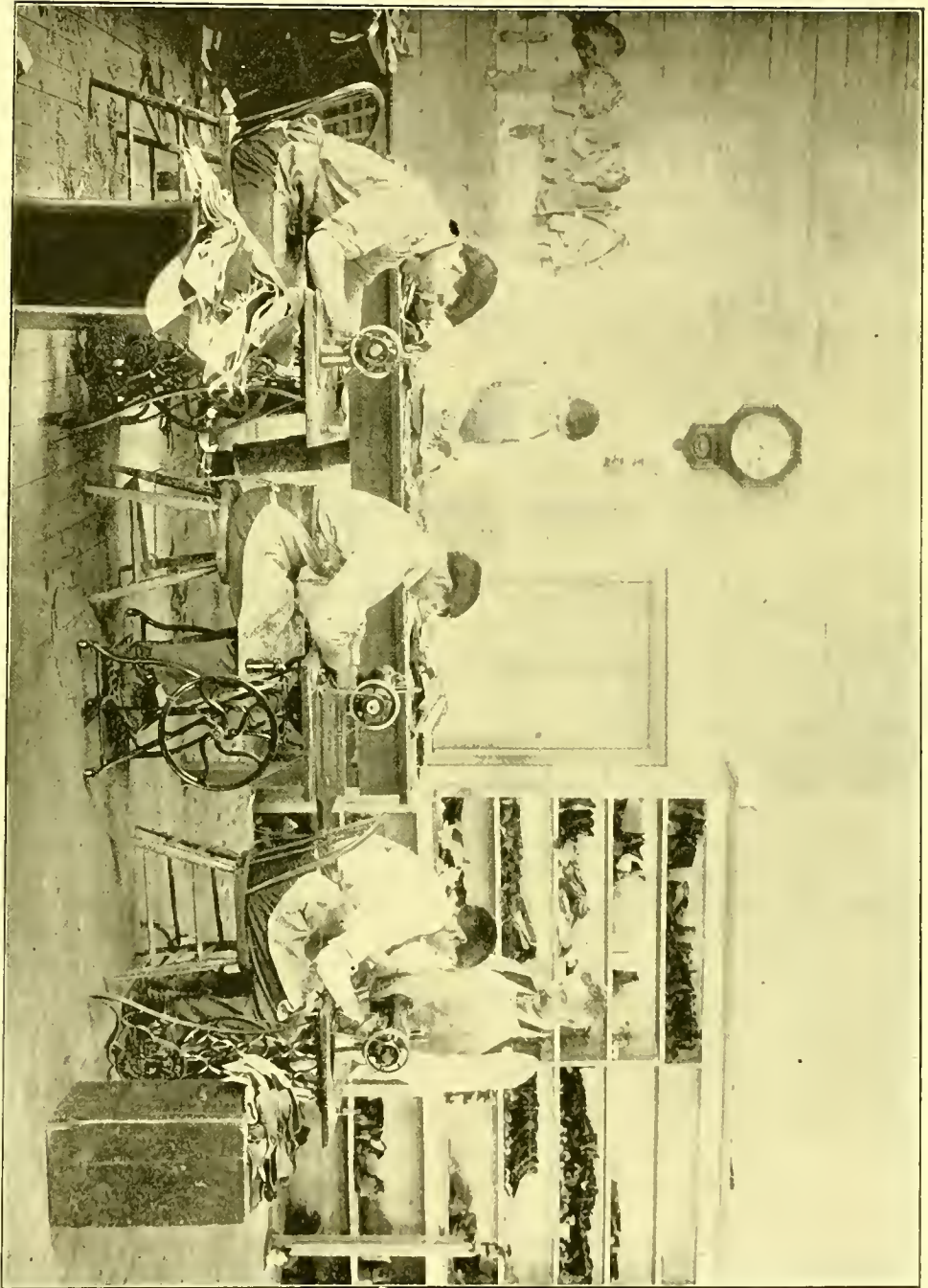


The Shaker religion, so called from its members shaking their heads a great deal, is a unique combination of Catholicism, Presbyterianism and Indian traditions. They believe in God and Christ, but care little for the Bible, as they say they have a living prophet whom they think more reliable than an antiquated book. They are much addicted to hypnotic trances, and many think the Ghost dancers got the secrets of hypnotism from them. They are a fine people, and neither drink, steal nor gamble. They have several houses of worship and licensed ministers.

I had intended to write something concerning Smohalla and his followers, and Brank, the dreamer, and some others of minor importance, but I feel as there is a great similarity in the forms of Indian worship, I should lose the interest of my readers, so will finish with a brief account of the Ghost Dance.

"You must not fight. Do no harm to anyone. Do right always."—Wovoka. Wovoka, the founder of the Ghost dance religion, was a Pahute living in Mason Valley, Nevada. He had when young worked for a white farmer named David Wilson, who gave him the name of Jack Wilson, and by that name he was known among the whites. He dressed in citizen's clothing, but lived in a wickiup, which contained none of the comforts of civilized life. He did not claim to be Christ, the Son of God, but he, like all other Indian prophets, claimed divine authority for introducing the mystic dance, and warning his people to prepare for the coming of an Indian millennium, where all the tribes, both living and dead, would be reunited on a regenerated earth where sorrow, sickness, misery and death would never come. No white men there to rob them of their lands or disturb the reign of eternal happiness. Still they were

taught to live in peace with the whites while among them, to work for them and be honorable in all their dealings with them. And if they faithfully kept up the dance, at stated intervals, and for five consecutive days at a time, the spiritual powers would usher in the hoped-for millennium without human aid. The basic principles of the Ghost Dance religion combines an epitome of the systems of ethics, mythology and ritual observance of nearly all organized churches. Its moral code is simple, pure and comprehensive. "Do right always. Do no harm to any one. Do not tell lies. You must not fight. When your friends die you must not cry and gash yourselves and shoot ponies and destroy property and cut off your hair." Certainly Wovoka gave them a better religion than they had ever had before; his doctrine spread with wonderful rapidity though he did not leave Mason valley; many tribes sent delegates to visit him, and, as among the whites, each delegate gave a different version of the Messiah's teaching. It is doubtful whether what Wovoka really did teach would ever have been rightly understood by the whites had not Mr. Mooney personally visited him and thoroughly investigated the matter. The farther the doctrine spread the greater the excitement grew. Hope and longing for better conditions furnished the fuel that fanned the incipient flame into a religious frenzy. Each tribe had its own songs. Some wore the ghost shirt, supposed to render them immune from danger. Other tribes would not allow it to be worn among them, saying that it was a garment of war, and that their religion taught peace, and it is worthy of remark that it was only under the stress of interference, persecution, broken promises or starvation that hostilities arose.



CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL. SHOE SHOP—SEWING TOPS.

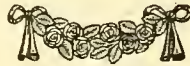
All who have given any attention to the matter know that few if any of the treaties and promises made with and to the Indians have been fully and honorably met. What wonder that among those who suffered most patience sometimes became exhausted, and that they hailed the promised advent of a Messiah who would right all their many and just grievances and give back their country to its original owners with deep and fervent gratitude.

Volumes have, and volumes more might be written concerning a people

who are as yet by the great mass of the republic little understood, as they are a silent and reticent people. I trust that this glimpse into their inner lives may not be wholly without value to those of my readers who may have occasion to go among them. And I shall be glad if it causes them to feel as did Longfellow:

"That in all ages  
Every human heart is human,  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
For the good they comprehend not."

*Martha J. Lewis.*



## THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT STUDIES.

### II.

#### I. BELSHAZZAR AND DARIUS.

**D**ANIEL tells us nothing of the history of the Jews or of the Babylonians during the years from the mental affliction of Nebuchadnezzar to the fall of Babylon. We know, however, that Nebuchadnezzar lived to be eighty years old, and maintained for forty-three years the splendor and glory of his kingdom. His first policy toward the Jews was no doubt continued throughout his reign. Evil-Merodach, the son of Nebuchadnezzar, reigned for two years, he set at liberty the Jewish king Jehoiachin, who had lain for thirty-seven years in a dungeon, and by other kind acts brightened the lives of the captives. Neriglissar and Labossoracus, who succeeded in rapid succession to the Babylonian throne, were also probably friendly to the Jews, and did much to better their condition. The forced exile had, therefore, long since ceased to be irksome.

Most of the Jews were doing well and were contented: they had no desire to leave a land where they had been so materially prospered. In B. C. 555, Mabonidus, probably a son-in-law of Nebuchadnezzar, usurped the Assyrian throne, and shortly thereafter the Medo-Persians made extensive conquests in the north, the south, and the west. Daniel resumes the history with the events of the fall of Babylon.

The main difficulties of the Book of Daniel begin with the fifth chapter. A new king, unknown to profane historians, appears upon the throne of Babylon. We must consider briefly the reality of this man's existence, and thereby, incidentally, the authenticity of the book. Many critics have concluded that Belshazzar was an entirely fictitious person; whereas by others he is supposed to be Evil-Merodach, Neriglissar, Labossoracus, or Nabonidus. We cannot here go into the arguments for or against each of these views. It must suffice to say that certain insuperable



difficulties of time, name, relationship and so forth, prove that no one of the four kings named was the Belshazzar of Daniel.

In 1854, however, Sir H. Rawlinson discovered cylinders placed by Nabonidus at the corners of the great temple of Ur, on which is mentioned by name the king's eldest son, Bel-sar-uzur. Now, oriental monarchs were generally so jealous of possible rivals in their own families that they seldom, if ever, named their sons upon public documents, unless the sons had been associated in the government. Modern historians are generally agreed, therefore, that Bel-sar-uzur, or Belshazzar, was associated with his father on the throne of Babylon; and since Nabonidus loved archeological and architectural pursuits, Belshazzar was perhaps the acting king. Other more recent discoveries have abundantly confirmed this conclusion and proved beyond question the correctness of the sacred book.

Bel-sar-uzur was the commander of the Babylonian army, and was stationed generally at Akkad, a commanding outpost of Babylon. From this point the young king could guard the heart of the empire, and defend its most distant parts. When, however, Cyrus the Persian had defeated the mighty Croesus and came against the men of Akkad, Belshazzar and his father had apparently changed places. An old inscription relates that Cyrus had some conflicts with the men of Akkad, and took Sipar (the twin city with Akkad) without fighting. "Nabonidus fled." In the night, two days later, Gobryas, the general of the Medo-Persian army, descended to Babylon and besieged it. Nabonidus risked a battle in the open field; but his army was defeated, and the gates of Babylon were thrown open to the Persians. Tradition says that

Belshazzar was slain while engaged in a riotous feast; but Nabonidus, on surrendering to Cyrus, had his life spared, and was given an estate in Carmania, where he died.\*

A second difficulty in the Book of Daniel presents itself in the identification of Darius the Mede. Several kings of the name Darius are known in profane history, and attempts have been made to identify Darius the Mede with one of them. But the person in question is found with the army of Cyrus. In the province of Gutium, said to be Media, or at least to be in Media, Cyrus was met by the governor, whose name was Ugbaru, or Gobryas. Gobryas laid before the Persian the riches of the province, and became his loyal subject. Gobryas was appointed general of the army of Cyrus, and was endowed with great power. He was, indeed, practically the viceroy of Medo-Persia. Gobryas led the army of Cyrus to Babylon and received the city for his king. Gobryas appointed governors in Babylon; and it was not until nearly four months later that Cyrus came to Babylon and "established peace to the city." All this agrees with what Daniel says of Darius the Mede. There is hardly any doubt, therefore, that the Hebrew prophet intended to describe the Median governor, Gobryas, by the name of Darius the Mede. Under his viceroyalty the Jews were prospered. Daniel, now an aged man, was exalted by him to be first president over all the governors and satraps of Babylon. And by him,

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\* The device of turning the Euphrates, which Herodotus makes an incident of the siege, was not resorted to by Cyrus; but it seems that a little later (in 521-519 B. C.), the city, having revolted, was actually taken in this way by the Persian king Darius. Herodotus confuses the two events.—Foot note in Myers' *General History*.

too, Daniel was cast into the lions' den for praying to Jehovah three times a day.

## II. VISIONS OF DANIEL.

"In the first year of Belshazzar, king of Babylon, Daniel had a dream, and visions of his head upon his bed." And "in the third year of the reign of king Belshazzar a vision appeared unto Daniel, after that which appeared unto him at the first."

The subject of Daniel's first dream is the four great universal monarchies of the earth. They are shown to Daniel in the likeness of four wild beasts, as they were shown to Nebuchadnezzar in the great image made of many materials. In the second vision two of the world kingdoms are shown again, and the persecution of the Jews by a certain king is specially foretold. The interpretation of these dreams can be drawn from a brief statement of a few historical facts.

About two thousand years before Daniel, the survivors of the flood journeyed to the plains of Shinar and there built a city and a tower. The language of the people was confused and they were scattered over the earth; but the city remained, and was occupied by a considerable population, and was called Babel. That is understood to be the first city built after the deluge. It was the first central seat of power, and it became first in magnificence. Although it was for some time inferior to Nineveh, Babel, or Babylon, it regained its supremacy and was for many years the capital of one of the most splendid kingdoms the world has ever seen. The conquests of Nebuchadnezzar, Babylon's greatest king, were made with great speed; in a very short time he added to his kingdom both Egypt and Tyre. But his reason was plucked

from him, and a state of humiliation and timidity followed. The successors of Nebuchadnezzar "became as women"—the lion of Babylon was "put in fear."

Babylon was taken by the Medo-Persians in the year 538 B. C. The Medo-Persian was a less splendid, less noble, less magnanimous kingdom than the Babylonian. The Medes were at first the leading people, but under Cyrus the Persians revolted and raised up themselves to the place of leadership. The conquests of Medo-Persia may be described as rapacious. Lydia, Babylon and Egypt were added by Cyrus to his empire.

The Medo-Persian kingdom was overthrown by the Greek general Alexander the Great in B. C. 332. The Grecian empire was remarkable for its swiftness in conquest and the eagerness with which it sprang upon its victims. After the siege of Tyre, Alexander the Great degenerated to debauchery and cruelty. At the death of Alexander, the Grecian empire was divided among his four principal generals. Cassander held Macedonia and Greece; Lysimachus, Thrace and Asia Minor; Ptolemy, Egypt, Palestine and Arabia Petraea; and Seleucus, Syria and the remainder. The last two were the most prominent and important, especially in relation to the Jewish people. In the last there arose a powerful king called Antiochus Epiphanes. He was a private man at the beginning of his career, and was at one time a hostage and prisoner at Rome. Antiochus rose, however, to great power and became the eighth king of Syria. He extended his empire to Egypt, and seized even the "pleasant land," Palestine. He was the author of one of the most bitter persecutions ever waged against the Jews.

The Grecian was superseded by the

Roman empire. It was diverse from all other kingdoms, and was stern and terrible in the extreme. It was apparently invincible; it crushed every foe before it. Yet the Roman power was in its turn broken and divided among the ten principal barbarous tribes of northern Europe; and from them have sprung the governments of the world today. In the days of John the Revelator the ten kings had "received no kingdom as yet" (Rev. 17: 12); which proves that the fourth kingdom was the Roman, and had not been broken in the days of the apostles, nor had Daniel's "kingdom of God" been established.\*

While the northern nations were making for themselves kingdoms out of the fallen Roman empire, the Bishops of Rome became also temporal rulers. They did so by occasioning the fall of some of those new-born kingdoms, probably Lombardy, Ravenna and Rome. These became part of the States of the Church. For several centuries the authority of the Pope was supreme: everything was made to be entirely in accordance with the papal decree. "The observance of saints' days was established; the marriage vow, in the case of the clergy, was cancelled and marriage itself forbidden; subjects, as, for example, the English in relation to Henry VIII and Elizabeth, were released from their allegiance to their sovereigns; the cup in the Lord's Supper was forbidden to the laity, and the making and worshiping of images was sanctioned." Bishop Newton mentions also as marks of the little horn, the

Pope's "appointing fasts and feasts; canonizing saints; granting pardons and indulgences for sins; instituting new modes of worship; imposing new articles of faith (as the Immaculate Conception); enjoining new rules of practice; and reversing at pleasure the laws both of God and man."

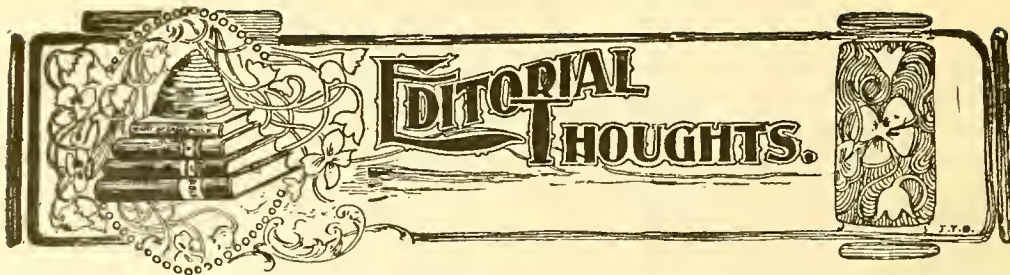
After the vision of the ram and the he-goat, Daniel prayed to the Lord for the restoration of Jerusalem. He received in answer the revelation of the seventy weeks, or four hundred and ninety years, in which were to occur the re-building of Jerusalem, the persecution by Antiochus Epiphanes, the birth and death of Messiah, and the preaching of the Gospel. And in the third year of Cyrus, Daniel received his last vision, concerning several nations and kings with whose fortunes that of the Jews was connected, and also some events of the last days. The vision portrays the continued wars between the kings of the north (Syria) and the kings of the south (Egypt), together with the rise of Antiochus Epiphanes; but is too long to receive treatment in so brief a writing as is this. Chapter eleventh is interesting mainly because it foretells in detail the exact history of the events of the wars between Syria and Egypt.

This vision closes the Book of Daniel. The great Hebrew captive had lived a long life of usefulness to his king and to his people; but, surprisingly, his fame seems to have become obscured in his later life. A Mahometan tradition says that he returned to Judea and held the government of Syria. He died at Susa. His tomb is there still shown, and thousands of pilgrims go there to visit it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

\* In this vision, as in that of Nebuchadnezzar, the kingdom of God is promised. In connection therewith, verses 9, 13, etc., should be compared with Doc. & Cov. 27: 11.





SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, - OCT. 1, 1903.

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WHY CARDS ARE WORSE THAN OTHER GAMES.

**N**OT very long ago the electric wires brought a message from Monte Carlo, the gamblers' paradise in southern France, that Mr. Schwab, the president of the greatest industrial organization in the world, was indulging himself at the card table. People who admired the remarkable talents and uncommon genius of this young man, not yet forty years old, manifested their regrets by frequent exclamations of misgivings over what they felt was moral degeneracy. A little later Mr. Schwab became involved in the organization of a great ship trust, the methods of

whose organization and conduct brought into question his moral stability. It was felt that he was gambling in stocks and that he was staking the fortunes of his friends in the game. He lost and they lost. Then came the announcement that Mr. Schwab had been compelled to resign the exalted executive place he held over a mammoth corporation. Ill health was the cause assigned for his resignation, but people felt that confidence in Mr. Schwab had been destroyed. It is a lesson full of sadness. It is the old, old story of what might have been.

Card playing is a game of chance, and because it is a game of chance it has its tricks. It encourages tricks; its devotees measure their success at the table by their ability through devious and dark ways to win. It creates a spirit of cunning and devises hidden and secret means, and cheating at cards is almost synonymous with playing at cards.

Again, cards have a bad reputation and they are the known companions of bad men. If no other reason existed for shunning the card table, its reputation alone should serve as a warning. It may be conceded that superb skill is often acquired in this game of chance, but this skill itself endangers the moral qualities of the possessor and leads him on to questionable practices.

Such games as checkers and chess are games more of fixed rules, whose application are open and freer from cunning devices. Such games do not in-

toxicate like cards and other games of chance. Had the world been informed that Mr. Schwab spent an evening in playing checkers it would have nodded assent and remarked that he was enjoying an innocent evening's pastime; but it was cards, and cards at Monte Carlo. And why did people become apprehensive? They knew too well the evil companionship in all games of chance. Games have their spirit and influence, and impart their spirit and influence to men and women who indulge in them; and whatever men and women may think about "an innocent game of cards" the world is always suspicious of the man who participates in it.

But if cards are played in the home and under the eye of an anxious and loving parent, what harm can come from it all? is asked. Most vices in the beginning take on attractive and innocent appearing garbs, and a careful examination of the career of many an unfortunate man will reveal the first step of his misfortune in some "innocent pastime" whose vice rarely manifests itself in its infancy. There are different spirits in the world and the gambling spirit is one of them, and cards have been from time immemorial the most common and universal means of gratifying that spirit. An "innocent game of cards" is the innocent companion of an innocent glass of wine and the playmate of tricksters.

Again, all amusements become per-

nicious when pursued excessively. No game in the world has been played a thousandth part of the time, aye, all the games in the world have not consumed a thousandth part of the time that cards have taken. The game itself leads to excessiveness; it is the enemy of industry; it is the foe of economy; and the boon companion of the Sabbath-breaker. The best possible excuse that any one can render for playing cards is that there is a possible escape from the dangers to which it leads; and the best explanation that people can give for such a vice is the adventurous spirit of man that delights in that which is hazardous to his physical and moral safety.

Mr. Schwab knew how to play cards before he went to Monte Carlo; he had experienced the intoxication of a game of chance before he set foot on the soil of France. When he played cards in the home and the club room, people called it pastime; when he took a hand in a game of chance at Monte Carlo, they shook their heads and called it a vice. At home the game was a vice in embryo; in France it was a hideous monster. It is true that people sometimes make pets of wild and ferocious animals that never become very dangerous until they get strong, but the practice is due to the spirit of risk and adventure rather than to the spirit of wisdom.

*Joseph F. Smith.*



### SOME OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

#### THE INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI, SUNDAY SCHOOL.



ODAY we give a picture of one of the smallest Sunday schools in the Church. It would be of but little interest to our readers

generally were it not for the place in which it is held. It is the Latter-day Saints Sunday school at Independence, Jackson County, Missouri; in other words, in Zion, where the great Temple to the Lord will ere long be erected,



THE INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI, SUNDAY SCHOOL.

where the great city of our God will be built.

For many years after the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri, no member of the Church was permitted to live in that region. Only a few families of the Saints live there today. The school numbers but eighteen, including officers,

teachers, and scholars. Elder Andrew Himes is the superintendent, and Sister Lucy M. Himes is the Secretary. They both appear seated in the illustration. The two missionary brethren standing in the rear line are Elders Arthur Livingston and Walter W. Morrison, who are laboring in Kansas City and vicinity.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

### THE RACE SUICIDE QUESTION.

**W**HEN President Roosevelt some time ago sounded a note of warning against race suicide, he was doubtlessly impressed by the dangers which threatened a country over whose destinies he presided—dangers arising from so general

a disposition on the part of husbands and wives to shirk the responsibilities of parentage. Much merriment has been indulged in, and it is doubtful whether the American people as a whole have taken at all seriously what ought to be to them a serious warning. Race suicide has been the subject of many jests; and here and there Protest-



ant ministers have taken the President to task as though he were guilty of promulgating some vulgar notions about an undesirable progeny.

However, there are serious men and women in the country who are giving to the question their earnest consideration by gathering statistics and by trying to find out what the real truth of the situation is. Our census reports will be used and new statistics will be taken to determine where the fault lies.

Dr. Walter Laidlaw, secretary of the Federation of Churches, has been giving special attention to the statistics of the State of New York, with a view of determining how the different churches stand with respect to the birth rate of children. New York is a most excellent field for such investigations, as religious denominations are to be found there in large numbers, and public sentiment on family life in New York, is not so strong as in smaller communities, so that men and women are governed by their own consciences more in the matter of raising a family, than they are by public pressure. Mr. Laidlaw discovers that the average number of children is greatest in Jewish families and that it is larger in Roman Catholic than in Protestant families. The Protestant families he divides into two classes; those that are positively Protestant, and those that are indefinitely Protestant. The latter have fewer children than the former. The smallest families are among the agnostics. As a result the percentage of childless families, or those that have only three children, is least among the Jews and highest among the agnostics. Mr. Bertillon, the sociologist, who has been making a study of selected populations in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and London, declares that the birthrate of the poor-

est localities is three times that of the richest localities. On the other hand, among the Jews, the average number of children is highest in the well-to-do families. Mr. Laidlaw in his conclusion says: "Beyond a peradventure, religion has more to do with the birthrate, and especially with fecundity, than statistical writers have been wont to concede."

The dangers of race suicide are not only felt in this country and in Europe, but are conspicuous in such countries as Australia, where increased populations of the civilized races are most desirable. Mr. Coghlan, an eminent Australian statistician, sounds an alarm in that country over the decline in the birth rate and concludes with the following truthful declaration on the subject:

"Large as is the area of the Australian continent, it is impossible that its people will ever become truly great under the conditions affecting the increase of the population which now obtain. Immigration has practically ceased to be an important factor, the maintenance and increase of population depending upon the birth rate alone, a rate seriously diminished and still diminishing. No people has ever become great under such conditions, or, having attained greatness, has remained great for any lengthened period. The problem of the fall in the birth rate is, therefore, a national one of overwhelming importance to the Australian people, perhaps more than to any other people; and on its satisfactory solution will depend whether this country is ever to take a place among the great nations of the world."

What is true of the churches in the world, is true of the Latter-day Saints. Those most devoutly religious have the largest families; and it may be taken without further evidence, that men and

women who are anxious to have as small a number of children as possible, have little faith and are not among the most valiant and devoted members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The command to "multiply and replenish the earth" has never been annulled, and God's children assume an awful responsibility in undertaking to withdraw themselves from the obligations of that divine command. One of the important reasons why Latter-day Saints should not marry unbelievers, is to be found in the fact that those not of our faith are too generally disposed to shirk the duties of motherhood or fatherhood. No young girl imbued with the spirit of Mormonism can be truly happy without the privileges of a full and natural motherhood. When such girls marry men not of their faith and are compelled to relinquish the spirit and teachings of their

religion, the world grows desolate to them and their lives become barren. Unhappiness is the universal result. Young men among the Latter-day Saints, who marry girls not of their faith, as a rule, care little or nothing for their religion, and their apostate condition is soon seen in their failure to have children, or in their determination to have as few as possible.

Whether the prevention of life has consequences as serious as its destruction, it is certain that the consequences have always been, and always will be, contrary to God's law, and, therefore, contrary to human happiness and national well being. No greater arraignment, perhaps, was ever made against the agnostic, and no argument against his position was ever more conclusive than the statement that in the average birth rate, he stands at the foot of the ladder.



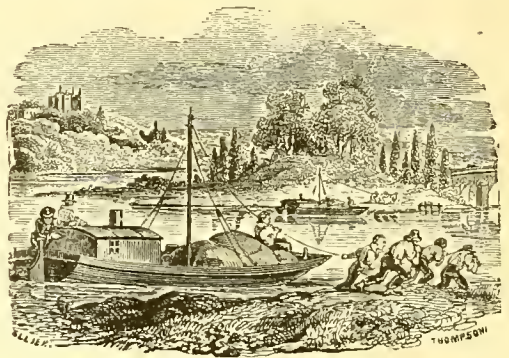
## FROM THE ARK TO THE MONITOR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 518.)

**T**O many of our readers our first two illustrations will be quite familiar. How often we have strolled along the banks of canals in our mother country and watched the "dry land sailors" haul the old canal boats with their cargoes up to the landings.

When inland navigation was first introduced it is impossible to say, but we learn from ancient historians that canals existed in Egypt and China before the Christian era. They were not, however, like those found in our own and other countries at the present day. The invention of canal-locks, by which boats

could be transferred from one level to another, was unknown to the ancients.



OLD CANAL BOAT IN ENGLAND.



History has failed to furnish us with the name of the person or nation that was the first to introduce canal-locks. The discovery has been attributed to the Dutch, and several writers have maintained that locks were used in Holland nearly one hundred years before their application in Italy.

There are many canals in China, one

days' navigation. It has got many sluices, and when vessels arrive at these sluices they are lifted by means of machinery and let down on the other side into the water.

In the seventeenth century, the French gave to the nations of Europe, an object lesson in canal making. Near the end of that century, in the reign of



TRANSPORTING GOODS UP A RIVER IN RUSSIA.

in particular, the Imperial, being about one thousand miles in length. But notwithstanding this, the Chinese have not as yet seen the necessity of introducing locks. The Imperial canal is supposed to have been completed in 1289, and is said to extend for a distance of forty

Louis XIV, the Languedoc canal, between the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, was designed by Riquet. It was finished in 1681. It is one hundred and forty-eight miles in length, and the summit level is six hundred feet above the sea, while the works on its line



embrace upwards of one hundred locks and fifty aqueducts.

\* \* \* \*

Here we have a picture of a river steamboat, (American.) This country has become famous for her river steamers. For many years these vessels have plowed the Mississippi and its tributaries with the rich products of nineteen states and several territories. The character of the rivers compelled the builders to make vessels of exceeding light draught, and there are river steamboats, which, on six feet draught of water, carry two thousand tons of freight. These boats are supplied with powerful engines to enable them to ascend the rivers against strong currents and also to tow a large number of barges. Several years ago, a train on which the writer was traveling, was run on to one of these boats and was carried across the Mississippi river. Later, when in conversation with some of my country cousins in Utah, I told them that on one occasion I was on board a steamer and on board a train at the same time, they looked puzzled and one of the company remarked that in this respect

I resembled the god of the sectarians, who, his worshipers claimed, could be in several places at the same time.

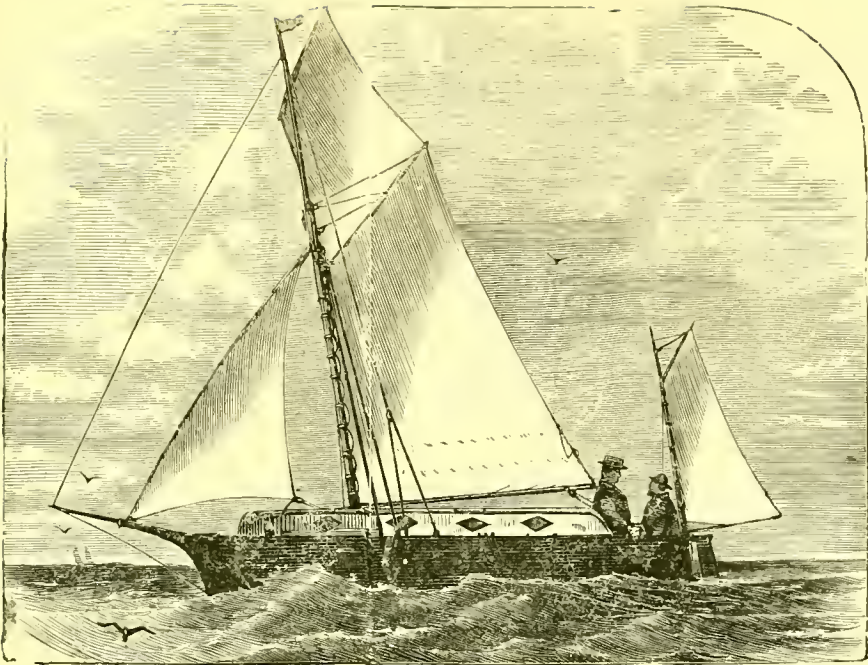
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Some of my readers have, no doubt, heard of the *City of Ragusa*, the smallest boat that ever crossed the great Atlantic. She was nineteen feet long, six feet wide, weighed one ton and was one and three-quarter tons burden. She started out on her perilous journey in the fall of 1870, and after a voyage of ninety days, arrived safely in port in Boston. Her crew consisted of two men, Mr. Primorez, her owner and captain, and Mr. Hayter, a New Zealander. When they left Liverpool they calculated on making the journey in fifty days; but they encountered so many storms, and their experience in managing such a small craft was so limited, that it took them nearly double that time.

The season was far advanced when they reached this country, so they decided to winter here. When spring returned they set out on their homeward journey, leaving New York on the 23d of May, 1871. The *Ragusa* had a cargo of



RIVER STEAMBOAT (AMERICAN).



CITY OF RAGUSA—THE SMALLEST BOAT TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

several hundred bricks, one hundred and twenty gallons of water, five hundred pounds of coal and a good stock of provisions. The third day at sea the little ship ran one hundred and sixty miles, and several times during the voyage she covered seven miles an hour. On the banks of Newfoundland very bad weather was encountered, and for ten days the little vessel and her crew were in danger from heavy gales and icebergs. But she weathered the storm and ice, and on the second of July dropped anchor in Queenstown harbor, the journey from New York to that point having occupied thirty-eight days.

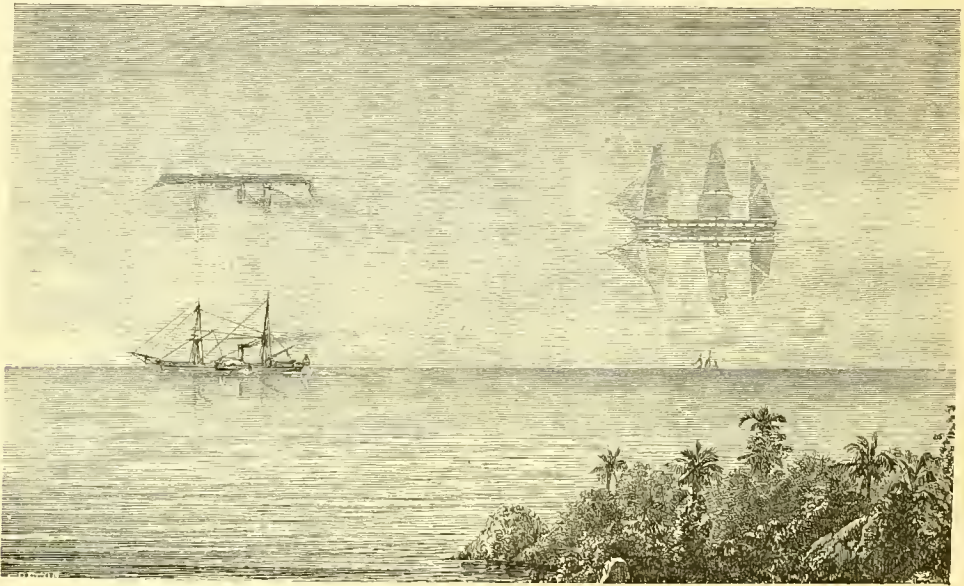
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We present to our readers a picture of a curious sight which is sometimes seen at sea. This is a mirage, or, as it is sometimes called, the phantom ship. Such a sight used to strike terror to the hearts of superstitious seamen, who looked upon it as a sure sign of coming evil. One morning, many years ago, a

vessel was sailing along the southern coast of Africa. As evening came on the sea became very tempestuous. The crew became somewhat alarmed, and even the fish seemed to take fright, and leaped wildly through the troubled waters. "Soon, great clouds such as many of the men had never seen before, rose up from the east, and, ere long the whole sky was enveloped in a thick haze. After a little time the moon appeared, the light of which added to the intensity of the bright glare, and the captain and crew gazed around in wonder and astonishment. But a still more amazing sight was in store for them; for before long, the sailors, as they stood on deck, perceived something which every moment grew larger and larger, rising slowly out of the water. At length, the strange-looking object was observed to have the appearance of a large vessel with sails fully set. Soon this had risen completely out of the water, and seemed to float, as it were,

in the air, and then it appeared to come nearer and nearer. Its rigging, as well as its men, could now be clearly seen, yet none believed it to be a real vessel; for not only did it continue to float in the air, but everything about it was strange-looking and shadowy; and, in truth, it was really believed that it could be no other than a phantom. The mysterious vessel continued in sight for a little time, then slowly disappeared; and it is said that every one of the spectators who had watched it was satis-

so that the air from the surface of the sea to a considerable height, will gradually diminish in density. Now, when a ray of light for instance, as in the case of which we have just spoken, from the moon to the sea, passes through air which varies in density, its original course is interrupted; and instead of its moving in a straight line, and giving the eye a correct idea of the object on which it is fixed, it falls irregularly, and a false and, frequently, quite a fantastic, view of the object is given; sometimes, for



PHANTOM SHIPS.

fied that what he had seen was actually a spectral vessel and nothing else; and its appearance was looked upon by all as a sure foreboding of coming evil."

Sir David Brewster has given the following explanation of this strange phenomenon: "When the surface of the sea is much colder than the air of the atmosphere, the air next to the sea will gradually become colder and colder, by giving out its heat to the water, and the air immediately above will give out its heat to the air immediately below it,

example, making a ship which is out of sight below the horizon actually seem above it. A familiar illustration of our meaning has been given, which we may repeat. Place a shilling in a tea-cup and then stand at such a distance that you cannot see it, though by the slightest move of the head forward it would be visible to you. Then get another person to fill the cup with water; and you will be able to see, without moving, not the shilling itself, but the reflection of that shilling, and even the bottom of



the tea-cup; whereas, before, from the place where you were standing, you could see neither. For a like reason, when a straight stick is partly immersed in water, the image of the immersed part

being raised nearer to the surface than the object, will cause the stick to appear bent or broken, as well as shorter than it really is.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## 'WAY DOWN SOUTH IN MEXICO.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 549.)

**W**E arrived in El Paso, Texas, at eight o'clock in the morning. Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, is about ten minutes' ride from El Paso, and as we had friends in the latter place, we decided to pay them a visit. We were advised when leaving Salt Lake City to hire a hack in El Paso to run us over to Ciudad Juarez. We acted on advice, and, like the boy in the story, we paid for our "whistle." Two of us rode for eight minutes in a hack, and that eight minutes ride cost us \$2.00 American money. When the hack driver told us what the fare was we looked like thirty cents Mexican. We could have rode on a street car to our destination for twenty cents, and saved \$1.80. I mention these little details for the benefit of those who may come after.

Ciudad Juarez is a typical Mexican town. It boasts of a population of twenty-five thousand souls, and of this number about ten individuals are members of the Church. We received a hearty welcome from our friends, and after resting for the day we went out for a walk in the evening. We paid a visit to the market place. On either side of three dirty, narrow streets were hucksters' stores, where water melons, tomatoes, torteas (thin pancakes made of meal), and all kinds of Mexican curiosities were sold. Along the streets were rows of benches,

and on these were seated a number of Mexican laborers indulging in ten cent suppers. A bowl of soup, (which to us looked and smelled very much like dirty dishwater) costs three cents Mexican, torteas cost one cent each, and tamales three cents each. One Mexican "open air" restaurant looked somewhat cleaner than the rest and thither we went. Our friends persuaded us to try some Mexican meat tamales. We consented. We each ate three without seeing the sign of meat in any of them. One of our friends said to the vendor, "I thought you called these meat tamales." "That's what they are, Senor," he replied. "Well," said the gentleman, "I would advise you to change the name and call them 'dead beat' tamales." We had some torteas and water melons, and left the market feeling very grateful to our Creator that we were Utahns instead of Mexicans.

The Mexicans are great lovers of pleasure, and in nothing do they seem to take so much delight as in bull and cock fights. Rooster fights are pulled off almost every day, and all day Sunday. The poor birds are armed with steel spurs and fight like Kilkenny cats, "till there's nothing left but their tails."

A Mexican bull fight had taken place shortly before our arrival. In a souvenir store we bought photos of the event,

and these showed to what a low, degraded, and unfeeling state men and women can descend when they are not actuated by the Spirit of God. There are women bullfighters as well as men. Women fought the bulls on the occasion of which I write, and succeeded in killing them. Horses were ridden into the area blindfolded, and in a few minutes were dragged out again, having been gored to death by the enraged bulls. A bull-fighter does not run such great risk as most people imagine. If he be quick and careful, he does not run any serious chances, as the bull always shuts his eyes when he makes a charge and it is not so very difficult to get out of the way of a "blind" bull.

Sunday morning came and with it a desire for worship. There being no Sunday School or meeting of the Saints, we decided to go to El Paso and visit one of the sectarian Sunday Schools. We chose the Presbyterian, and nine of us attended Sunday School services in that church. Oh, what a difference to the Latter-day Saints' Sunday Schools! There were several classes in the same room, and the children seemed to manifest very little interest in the lessons. The teachers sat in their seats and talked in a listless and disinterested manner to the children. We visited the theological class, where we spent half an hour in listening to a lot of nonsense. What the lesson of the day was we were unable to find out. The teacher traversed the Bible from Genesis to Revelation with the rapidity of a Kansas cyclone. He spoke on at least a dozen different subjects and wound up with the millenium. He told us that when Christ would come all the living and the dead would be caught up to meet Him in the air, and after being endowed with wings they would float through space with the Redeemer for a period of three years

and a half, at the end of which time they would all come down to earth and dwell there for a thousand years. The teacher requested us to remain after the close of the services, as he desired to have a conversation with us. We did so, but when he learned that we were from Utah he had nothing to say. He invited us to stay for the preaching service, but we thought we had got enough Presbyterianism for one day, and asked to be excused.

From the Presbyterian we went to the Christian church, where we listened to a most excellent address by the minister. His subject was "Unity," and he treated it in a very able and intelligent manner. He deplored the divided condition of the Christian churches, and said he believed that their division and disunion was displeasing to the Lord, thus corroborating the statement made by the Prophet Joseph, that the Lord had told him that the creeds of men were an abomination in His sight. In his sermon he gave expression to many grand thoughts, and we felt well repaid for attending the services.

In the afternoon we attended a meeting of the Saints in the home of Elder Isaac W. Pierce, Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, where we listened to interesting and inspiring remarks from several brethren from "the City of the Saints." In the evening we paid a visit to a park in El Paso, where we beheld sights that were sufficient to make the angels weep. "Come," said a friend to us, "and see how the people of Texas spend the Sabbath." We went, and saw more plainly than we had ever seen in our lives before, a fulfillment of the Scripture which said, "that the day would come when the people would be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." This park was advertised as the cleanest and coolest place in the state, but to us it seemed

the foulest and hottest. Crowds were pressing forward to attend an entertainment in the theatre; others were enjoying themselves in a roller skating rink, and a short distance further a large bowling alley, in which were scores of men and women, was doing a thriving business. At a number of tables we saw groups of both sexes quaffing brandy and soda with a relish; in adjoining rooms we saw ladies and gentlemen playing pool, their children looking on and seeming to take great interest in the game. Such is Sunday in Texas.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



### BEYOND TO-DAY.

If we could see beyond to-day  
 As God can see;  
 If all the clouds should roll away,  
 The shadows flee—  
 O'er present griefs we would not fret,  
 Each sorrow we would soon forget,  
 For many joys are waiting yet  
 For you and me.

If we could know beyond to-day  
 As God doth know  
 Why dearest treasures pass away  
 And tears must flow—  
 And why the darkness leads to light,  
 Why dreary paths will soon grow bright!  
 Some day life's wrongs will be made right,  
 Faith tells us so.

If we could see, if we could know,  
 We often say!  
 But God in love a veil doth throw  
 Across our way;  
 We cannot see what lies before,  
 And so we cling to Him the more,  
 He leads us till this life is o'er,  
 Trust and obey.



### PRESENT DAY PROVERBS.

To pay a man back in his own coin is only to increase the currency of contention.

The amendment of our errors is the best repentance.

He best loves his land who is loyal to his Lord.

It is easier to pray "lead us not into temptation," than to walk away from it.

The merit of mercy depends upon the power to punish.

Self control is the secret of all control.

The salvation of the body depends on its subjection to the spirit.

Time is as essential to eternity as sowing is to reaping.

Appointing by man is of infinitely less importance than anointing by God.

God has a scrap heap for governments that will not work out the good of the world.

Manhood cannot be measured by muscle.

Who cares not to pray for another cannot pray for himself.

A loving superintendent will have a loyal school.



### A MOTHER'S LULLABY.

The winds kiss the tree tops and murmur  
 "good-night,"  
 Sleep, little one, sleep;  
 The sun bathes the mountain in warm, mellow  
 light,  
 Sleep, little one, sleep,  
 The birds hush their songs, the lambs cease  
 their play,  
 The darkness of night steals the fast-fading  
 day,  
 And fairy lamps twinkle in skies far away,  
 Sleep, little one, sleep.

The tired eyes close with their lashes so long,  
 Sleep, little one, sleep;  
 While mother sits rocking and crooning her  
 song,  
 Sleep, little one, sleep;  
 The little hand loosens its hold from the toy,  
 And now for the land of sweet slumber and  
 joy,  
 Where angels keep watch o'er my bright bonny  
 boy,  
 Sleep, little one, sleep.

*Selected.*



# OUR LITTLE FOLKS



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C. Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## HALO AND OTHERS.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### *The Woman With the Pictures—The Pharisee and the Publican.*

Keep me, O Lord, from being proud and vain,  
For such Thou dost not love; the meek and plain,  
Who pity others' wants, and humbly live,  
Such wilt Thou love and pity and forgive.

**H**ALO did not always have his mother near him when he studied his Bible. He read a great deal by himself. And he not only read the New Testament but the other part of the Bible as well. He liked to read the stories of Joseph and Moses and the other prophets, and of David and the other kings. And so he became quite well acquainted with the scriptures for one so young.

One day a lady who was agent for some Bible pictures and stories, called on Lessie, and wanted her to buy some of her cards and books.

Halo happened to be present, and the lady said to him: "See here, little boy; would you not like to have a picture like this, and learn the nice story that is on the card?"

Halo looked at the picture which the lady held towards him, and answered: "I see what it is. That is to represent Joseph before King Pharaoh. Joseph was sold into Egypt by his brothers, because he was more faithful than they, and they were jealous of him. But the

Lord blest Joseph very greatly, and helped him all the time, because he was good, and a true man, although he had many hard trials to pass through. He could interpret dreams. And he had been put in prison because of wrong things that were told about him. But they brought him out of the prison to have him interpret two dreams that King Pharaoh had. And the king was so well pleased with Joseph, because he was so wise and honest and humble, that, as this picture shows, he had him dressed in very fine clothing, and put his own ring on his hand and a gold chain about his neck. And the king made Joseph ruler over all the land of Egypt, because he saw that Joseph was more wise than any of the others, and he said to his servants: 'Can we find such a one as this, in whom the Spirit of God is?' "

The lady looked quite surprised, as Halo told the story in such a brief but correct way. And she said to his mother: "It is remarkable that so young a boy should be able to tell that story so well. And here in Utah, too. I thought you people here did not believe in our Bible, but had one different, of your own!"

"Why, dear lady," answered Lessie, "many absurd things are thought and told about our people and our beliefs. Perhaps no people on earth hold the Bible more sacred than do the Latter-day Saints. This little child is not an





THE PRAYER OF THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

exception to the general rule among our children. They are taught the scriptures at home, in Sunday School, and in their primary meetings, an organization formed especially for teaching the little ones the principles of the Gospel. To be sure, we have also the Book of Mormon, but the teachings of God and the Savior which are given in that harmonize in every particular with the truths of the Bible."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the lady. "Well, I never was so surprised!"

Then the lady remembered that she had an important appointment to meet at that hour, and had to go.

And Halo got his Bible, and read in the 18th chapter of Luke, the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican who went up to the house of worship to pray. And the Pharisee stood and prayed with himself, and thanked God that he was not as other men. But the poor Publican smote upon his breast and said: "God have mercy upon me, a sinner!"

"Well," said Halo, "I hope I shall never be a great sinner. But I would hate to be like that Pharisee who thought that he was better than anyone else."

*L. L. G. R.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### THE LETTER-BOX.

##### How to be Happy.

The way to be happy is to first make others happy.

If you help a widow or any old and feeble person, you will be happy.

When you are happy you feel good all over.

When a man has the Spirit of God burning within him he is very happy.

When men and women do their duty they are happy.

If a man is faithful in keeping the commandments of God and tries to build

the Church up he is a happy man; but if a man is wicked and tries to tear the Church down, he won't be a happy man, but a miserable man.

A man who steals, swears, murders, drinks whiskey and gets drunk, or uses tobacco, is not happy; but a man who is honest, benevolent, virtuous, and believes in a God with body, parts and passions is a happy man.

I want to be happy. Usually a man who is not happy doesn't keep the commandments of God.

A man who is truly happy keeps the commandments of God.

Happiness is gained by making others happy.

People that are happy should try to make others happy.

REUBEN ABINADI McCONKIE,

Age ten years.

#### From Two Little Friends.

MANILA, UTAH.

We like to read the letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and will try to write one. We go to Sunday School, and we believe the Gospel is true. We know there is a God, for we have been taught to pray to Him.

EVA CROSBY, twelve years old.

TURZA TITCHELL, nine years old.

#### A Visit to Salt Lake City.

OAKLEY, UTAH.

A few weeks ago I went to Salt Lake City on a visit, and saw the Temple and Tabernacle for the first time in my life. I went into the Tabernacle. It is a very beautiful place, with flowers around the grounds. I thought it the grandest sight I had ever seen. Some day I hope I may go through the Temple. I am going to try to be a good girl, for I know that only good people should go into the Temple. It is the House of



God, and we are a chosen people and have the privilege of making ourselves worthy to enter into His holy temples.

We have our new meeting house completed now, in the Oakley Ward. It is a nice building and is of brick. Our Bishop's name is William P. Richards. He is a good man.

From your true friend,

DORA MAXWELL.



**Lives with Grandma.**

ROCKVILLE, UTAH.

I have two sisters and three brothers. We have a brother-in-law who is on a mission in Baltimore, Maryland. Our papa has been the owner of a sawmill for seven years. It is in Mount Trumbull, Arizona. I have stayed with my grandmother for two years. With love to all my little friends.

ETHEL PETTY.



**A Family Letter.**

KANAB, UTAH.

We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and read and like the letters. We are all Mormons and have been all our lives. Our papa is the Bishop here. We have in our Ward two or three families that have just lately joined the Church. There are eleven in our family, papa, mama, three boys and six girls. We are all well, for which we are very thankful. And we ask God to bless us all the time, and to bless you all, our dear friends.

MILLIE CUTLER, age twelve.

SEREPTA CUTLER, age eight.

BERTHA CUTLER, age six.



**Missionaries Coming Home.**

FREEDOM, WYOMING.

I am not working today, so I thought I would write to the Letter-Box. I have been helping my brother mow and rake my uncle's hay.

My uncle and grandma are on a mission in Norway. We have had a nice summer. The hay is put up now. My grandma and uncle will soon be home, they have been gone two years.

ASPER BACKEN, age eleven years.



**A Good Testimony.**

REXBURG, IDAHO.

I am a boy fourteen years old, and I am very much like other boys. The counsel of my parents and teachers make impressions upon my mind, when I stop long enough, the wandering, flitting ideas created, by the sights and sounds of nature, and the opinions of other boys. I was born in Logan City, Utah, and while I was yet a very little baby my father was called on a mission to England. While he spent his time for two years preaching the Gospel, my mother kept a little grocery store, and tended her little children at the same time. I had to sit upon the counter and upon the floor so much that I contracted a disease of the lower spine and hips known as the rickets, and many thought that I should be a cripple for life. One day while my mother was waiting upon customers I fell off the counter on to the floor, and was very badly hurt. They thought my thigh was broken and sent for the doctor but he was away from home, and when he came my leg was so badly swollen that he said he could not set the limb that night. He applied remedies to reduce the swelling and said he would come in the morning. My mother called in the Elders, and they anointed me and administered to me, and I fell asleep. When I awoke I had no disposition to move, and so I lay still, and my mother says I seemed to enjoy it for several days. Finally when they took me up I was better than I had been for a long time. The

Lord healed my broken thigh and made me well, and the doctor did not set the limb either. Another miracle was wrought in our family while my father was away. A tumor came upon my mother's right breast. It gave her much pain. A large lump came there, and it worried her very much. She called in the Elders, and they anointed her and placed their hands upon her head and blessed her, and that night that lump broke, and she got better right away.

I know that the Gospel is true, and I want to grow up and be a good man, and become learned in all the ways of the Lord, and use the intelligence that He may give me for the building up of His Kingdom on the earth. My little brothers and sisters, children of Zion, let us always be honest and virtuous, and loving toward all mankind, honor our parents and the Holy Priesthood so that when Jesus comes we may have the privilege of meeting Him, of hearing His teachings and associating with God's chosen ones for ever.

Yours truly,  
WILFORD A. RICKS.

#### Faith in the Gospel

CEDAR CITY, IRON CO., UTAH.

Papa takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and we like to read the little letters. We also like our Sunday School. I have six sisters and one brother. I am thirteen years old. I believe the Gospel is true. The Lord has answered my prayer.

MARY A. JONES.

#### Where Lucile's Home Is.

VICTOR IDAHO.

I thought I would write to the Letter Box and tell its readers where I live. My home is in the Teton Valley. We have good Sunday Schools and Primary meetings and I like my teachers very

much; and I think the Lord will bless us all every day if we will do his will. I am eleven years old.

LUCILE BLANCHARD.

#### Staying With Grandma.

DUNCAN, GRAHAM CO., ARIZONA.

I have wished to write to you for a long time. I am staying with my grandma. My uncle, Asa Packer, will be off for the mission field on the 9th of September. I am twelve years old. I know the Gospel is true. I have had my prayers answered many times. My mamma is a cripple and has heart trouble. The Lord has blessed her and helped her many times. I belong to the Sunday School at Clifton, Arizona; am in the first intermediate class.

Your new friend,  
HELEN E. HIGGINS.

#### Death of a Grandma.

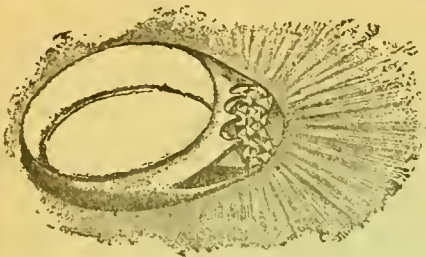
BASIN, IDAHO.

My papa subscribes for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR this year, and I enjoy the little letters and stories in it. I like to go to Sunday School, Primary and Religion class. My grandma died August 18, 1903. I am your sister in the Gospel.

NELLIE DAYLEY,  
Age 12 years.

#### REMOVAL NOTICE

Those doing business with the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and with the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union will please take notice that after this date the address of both will be 52 East, South Temple St., as both the office and business departments of these institutions have been moved from the Templeton Building to this address, as has also the office of Dr. J. M. Tanner, General Superintendent of Church Schools.



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